WHERE THERE'S A WILL

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

SYNOPSIS.

Minnie, spring-house girl at Hope sanatorium, tells the story. It opens with the arrival of Miss Patty Jennings, who is reported to be engaged to marry a prince, and the death of the old doctor who owns the sanatorium. The estate is left to a scapegrace grandson, Dicky Carter, who must appear on a certain date and run the sanatorium successfully for two months or forfeit the inheritance. A case of mumps delays Dick's arrival. Mr. Thoburn is hovering about in hopes of securing the place for a summer hotel. Pierce, a college man in hard luck, is prevailed upon by Van Alstyne, Dick's brother-in-law, to impersonate the missing heir and take charge of the sanatorium until Carter arrives. Dick, who has eloped with Patty's younger sister, Dorothy, arrives, and the couple go into hiding in the old shelter house. Fearing to face Dorothy's father, who is at the sanatorium, Dick arranges with Pierce to continue in the management of the property. Julia Summers, leading lady of Pierce's stranded theatrical company, arrives. She is suing Dicky for breach of promise. The prince, under the incognito of Oskar von Inwald, arrives at the sanatorium. Barnes, character man with Pierce's show and a graduate M. D., takes the place of sanatorium physician. Pierce, who is very much interested in Patty, shows a strong dislike for von Inwald.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The rest of the evening was quiet, and I needed it. Miss Patty and Mr. von Inwald talked by the fire and I think he told her something—not all—of the scene in the springhouse. For she passed Mr. Pierce at the foot of the stairs on her way up for the night and she pretended not to see him.

About twelve o'clock, just after I went to my room, somebody knocked at the door. When I opened, the new doctor was standing in the hall.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he said, "but nobody seems to know where the pharmacy clerk is and I'll have to get some medicine."

"If I had my way, we'd have had a bell on that pharmacy clerk long ago," I snapped, getting my keys. "Who's sick?"

"The big man," he replied. "Biggs is his name, I think, a senator or something."

I was leading the way to the stairs, but I stopped. "I might have known it," I said. "He hasn't been natural all evening. What's the matter with him? Too much fast?"

"Fast?" He laughed. "Too much feast! He's got as pretty a case of indigestion as I've seen for some time. He's giving a demonstration that's almost theatrical."

Well, the pharmacy was locked, and we couldn't find a key to fit it. And when I suggested mustard and warm water he jumped at the idea.

"Fine!" he said. "Better let me dish out the spring water and you take my job! Lead on, MacDuff, to the kitchen."

Well, I got the mustard and water ready, put out the light, and he took the things and started out, but he came back in a hurry.

"There's somebody outside talking," he said. I went to the door with him and listened.

"The sooner the better," Mike was saying. "I'm no good while I've got it on my mind."

And Mr. Thoburn: "Tomorrow is too soon; they're not in the mood yet. Perhaps the day after. I'll let you know."

I didn't get to sleep until almost morning, and then it was to dream that Mr. Pierce was shouting "Hypocrites" to all the people in the sanatorium and threatening to throw glasses of mustard and warm water at them.

When people went down to breakfast the next morning they found a card hanging on the office door with a half dozen new rules on it, and when I went out to the springhouse the guests were having an indignation meeting in the sun parlor, with the bishop in the chair, and Senator Biggs, so wobbly he could hardly stand, making a speech.

I tried to see Mr. Pierce, but early as it was, he had gone for a walk, taking Arabella with him. So I called a conference at the shelter-house—Miss Patty, Mr. and Mrs. Van Alstyne, Mr. and Mrs. Dick and myself.

We were in a tight place and we knew it.

"He is making it as hard for us as he can," Mrs. Sam declared. "The idea of having the cardroom lights put out at midnight, and the breakfast room closed at ten! Nobody gets up at that hour."

"He was to come here every evening for orders," said Mr. Dick. "He came just once, and as for orders—well, he gave 'em to me!"

But Miss Patty was always fair.

"I loathe him," she asserted. "I want to quarrel with him the minute I see him. He—he is presumptuous to the point of impertinence—but he's honest; he thinks we're all hypocrites—those that are well and those that are sick or think they are—and he hates hypocrisy."

"You and old Pierce would make a fine team, Pat," Mrs. Dick remarked with a yawn. "I like hypocrites myself. They're so comfy. But if you're not above advice, Pat, you'll have Aunt Honoria break her neck or something—anything to get father back to town. Something is going to explode, and Oskar doesn't like to be agitated."

She curled up on the cot with that and went sound asleep. The rest of us had coffee and talked, but there wasn't anything to do. As Mr. Sam said, Mr. Pierce didn't want to stay, anyhow, and as likely as not if we went to him in a body and told him he must come to the shelter-house for instructions, and be suave and gentle when he was called down by the guests about the steam pipes making a racket, he'd probably prefer to go down to the village and take Doctor Barnes' place washing dishes at the station.

But he settled it by appearing himself. He came across the snow from the direction of Mount Hope, and he had a pair of skees over his shoulder. (At that time I didn't even know the name of the things, but I learned enough about them later.) I must say he looked very well beside Mr. Dick, who wasn't very large, anyhow, and who hadn't had time to put on his collar, and Mr. Sam, who's always thin and sallow and never takes a step he doesn't have to.

I let him in, and when he saw us all there he started and hesitated.

"Come in, Pierce," Mr. Sam said. "We've just been talking about you."

He came in, but he didn't look very comfortable.

"What have you decided to do with me?" he asked. "Put me under restraint?"

Of course, he had to be set right about the sanatorium, and Mr. Sam began it. Mr. Pierce listened, sitting on the floor and looking puzzled and more and more unhappy. Finally he got up and drew a long breath.

"Exactly," he agreed "I know you are all right and I'm wrong—according to your way of thinking. But if these people want to be well, why should I encourage them to do the wrong thing? They don't want to be well; they're all hypocrites."

"That's not the point, Pierce," Mr. Dick broke in importantly. "You were to come here for orders and you haven't done it. You're running this place for me, not for yourself."

Mr. Pierce looked at Mr. Dick and from there to Mr. Sam and smiled.

"I did come," he explained. "I came twice, and each time we played roulette. I lost all the money I'd had in advance. Honestly," he confessed, "I felt I couldn't afford to come every day."

Miss Patty got up. "We are talking around the question," she said. "Mr. Pierce undertook to manage the sanatorium, and to try to manage it successfully. He cannot do that without making some attempt at conciliating the people. It's—it's absurd to antagonize them."

"Exactly," he said coldly. "I was to manage it, and to try to do it successfully. I'm sorry my methods don't meet with the approval of this—er—executive committee. But it might as well be clear that I intend to use my own methods—or none."

Well, what could we do? Miss Patty went out with her head up and the rest of us stayed and ate humble pie, and after a while he agreed to stay if he wasn't interfered with. He said he and Doctor Barnes had a plan that he thought was a winner—that it would either make or break the place and he thought it would make it. And by that time we were so meek that we didn't even ask what it was.

Doctor Barnes and Miss Summers were the first to come to the mineral spring that morning.

"Curious old world, isn't it?" she said between puffs. "Here we are—the three of us—snug and nice, having seven kinds of hell-fire water and not having to pay for it; three meals a day and afternoon tea ditto, good beds and steam-heat ditto—and four days too late. I saw her rise, saw the glass of water at her elbow roll over and smash on the floor, and saw her clutch wildly at Mr. Pierce's shoulder.

"Not—not Dicky Carter!" she cried.

"Richard—they call him Dick," Mr. Pierce said uneasily, and loosened her fingers from his coat.

Oh, well, everybody knows it now—how she called Mr. Dick everything in the calendar, and then began to cry and said nobody would ever know what she'd been through with, and the very dress she had on was a part of the trousseau she'd had made, and what with the dressmaker's bills—Suddenly she stopped crying.

"Where is he now?" she demanded.

"All we are aware of," Mr. Pierce replied quietly, "is that he is not in the sanatorium."

She looked at us all closely, but she got nothing from my face.

"Oh, very well," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "I'll wait until he shows up. It doesn't cost anything."

Then, with one of her easy changes, she laughed and picked up her muff to go.

"Minnie and I," she said, "will tend bar here, and in our leisure moments we will pour sulphur water on a bunch of Dicky's letters that I have to cool 'em." She walked to the door and turned around, smiling.

"Carry nre insurance on 'em all the time," she finished and went out, leaving us staring at one another.

"Not—Not Dicky Carter!" She Cried.

CHAPTER IX.

I went to bed early that night. What with worrying and being alternately chilled by tramping through the snow and roasted as if I was sitting on a volcano with an eruption due, I was about all in.

I guess it was about four o'clock in the morning when a hand slid over my face, and I sat up and yelled. The hand covered my mouth at that, and something long and white and very thin beside the bed said: "Sh! For heaven's sake, Minnie!"

It was Miss Cobb! I lighted a candle and set it on a chair beside the bed and took a good look at her. She was shaking all over, which wasn't strange, for I sleep with my window open, and she had a key in her hand.

"Here," she gasped, holding out the key, "here, Minnie, wake the house and get him, but, oh, Minnie, for heaven's sake, save my reputation!"

"Get who?" I demanded, for I saw it was her room key.

"I have locked a man in my room!" she declared in a terrible voice, and collapsed into the middle of the bed.

Well, I leaned over and tried to tell her she'd make a mistake. The more I looked at her, with her hair standing straight out over her head, and her cambric nightgown and a high collar and long sleeves, and the hump on her nose where her brother Willie had hit her in childhood with a baseball bat, the surer I was that somebody had made a mistake—likely the man.

I sat down on the side of the bed and put on my slippers.

"What did he look like?" I asked. "Could you see him?"

She uncovered one eye.

"Not—not distinctly," she said. "I—think he was large, and—and rather handsome. That beast of a dog must have got in my room and was asleep under the bed, for it awakened me by snarling."

There was nothing in that to make me nervous, but it did. As I put on my kimono I was thinking pretty hard.

I could not waken Mr. Pierce by knocking, so I went in and shook him. "Mr. Pierce! Mr. Pierce!"

It was two or three minutes at least before I had him sitting on the side of the bed, with a blanket spread over his knees, and was telling him about Miss Cobb.

After he seemed pretty well wakened I went out. I waited in the sitting-room and I heard him growling as he put on his clothes. He was quiet when we got to the bedroom floors, however, and when we stopped outside Miss Cobb's door he was as sober as any one could wish him.

I gave him the key and he fitted it quietly in the lock. Arabella, just outside, must have heard, for she snarled. But the snarl turned into a yelp, as if she'd been suddenly kicked.

Mr. Pierce, with his hand on the knob, turned and looked at me in the candle-light. Then he opened the door.

Arabella gave another yelp and rushed out; she went between my feet like a shot and almost overthrew me, and when I'd got my balance again I looked into the room. Mr. Pierce was at the window, staring out, and the room was empty.

"The idiot!" Mr. Pierce said. "If it hadn't been for that snow-bank! Here, give me that candle!"

He stood there waving it in circles, but there was neither sight nor sound from below. After a minute Mr. Pierce put the window down and we stared at the room. All the bureau drawers were out on the floor, and the lid of poor Miss Cobb's trunk was open and the tray upset.

We brought her back to her room, and she didn't know whether to be happy that she was vindicated or mad at the state her things were in. She drew my head down to her and her eyes were fairly popping out of her head.

"I feel as though I'm going crazy, Minnie!" she whispered, "but the only things that are gone are my letters from Mr. Jones, and—my black woolen tights!"

I slept late the next morning, and when I'd had breakfast and waded to the spring-house it was nearly nine. As I floundered out I thought I saw somebody slink around the corner of the spring-house, but when I got there nobody was in sight. I was on my knees in front of the fireplace, raking out the fire, when I heard the door close behind me, and when I turned, there stood Mr. Dick, muffled to the neck, with his hat almost over his face.

"What the deuce kept you so late this morning?" he demanded, in a sulky voice, and limping over to a table he drew a package out of his pocket and slammed it on the table.

"I was up half the night, as usual," I said, rising. "You oughtn't to be here, Mr. Dick!"

He was pulling something out of his overcoat pocket, an inch at a time.

"For God's sake, Minnie," he exclaimed, "return this—this garment to—whomever it belongs to!"

He handed it to me, and it was Miss Cobb's black tights! I stood and stared.

"And then," he went on, reaching for the package on the table, "when you've done that, return to 'Binkie' these letters from her Jonesie.

"Don't stand and stare," he continued irritably, when I didn't make a move, "at least get that—that infernal black garment out of sight."

"So it was you!" I gasped, putting the newspaper over the tights. "Why in the name of peace did you jump out of the window, and what did you want with—with these things?"

"Want with those things!" he snarled. "I suppose you can't understand that a man might wake up in the middle of the night with a mad craving for a pair of black woolen tights, and—"

"You needn't be sarcastic with me," I broke in. "You can save that for your wife. I suppose you also had a wild longing for the love-letters of an insurance agent—"

And then it dawned on me, and I sat down and laughed until I cried.

"And you thought you were stealing your own letters!" I cried. "The ones she carries fire insurance on! Oh, Mr. Dick, Mr. Dick!"

"How was I to know it wasn't Ju—Miss Summers' room?" he demanded angrily. "Didn't I follow the dratted dog? I gave her the beast myself. Oh, I tell you, Minnie, if I ever get away from this place—"

"You've got to get away this minute," I broke in, remembering. "They'll be coming any instant now."

He got up and looked around him helplessly.

"Where'll I go?" he asked. "I can't go back to the shelter-house."

I looked at him and he tried to grin.

"Fact," he said, "hard to believe, but—fact, Minnie. She's got the door locked. Didn't I tell you she is of a suspicious nature? She was asleep when I left, and mostly she sleeps all night. And just because she wakes when I'm out, and lets me come in thinking she's asleep, when she has one eye open all the time, and she sees what I'd never even seen myself—that the string of that damned garment, whatever it is, is fastened to the hook of my shoe, me thinking all the time that the weight was because I'd broken my leg jumping—doesn't she suddenly sit up and ask me where I've been? And I—I'm unsuspicious, Minnie, by nature, and I said I'd been asleep. Then she jumped up and showed me that—that thing—those things, hanging to my shoe, and she hasn't spoken to me since. I wish I was dead."

And just then a dog barked outside and somebody on the step stamped snow off his feet. We were both paralyzed for a moment.

"Julia!" Mr. Dick cried, and went white.

I made a leap for the door, just as the handle turned, and put my back against it.

"Just a minute," I called. "The carpet is caught under it!"

Mr. Dick had lost his head and was making for the spring, as if he thought hiding his feet would conceal him. I made frantic gestures to him to go into my pantry, and he went at last, leaving his hat on the table. I left the door and flung it after him—the hat, of course, not the door—and when Miss Summers sauntered in just after, I was on my knees brushing the hearth, with my heart going three-four time and skipping every sixth beat.

"Hello!" she said. "Lovely weather—for polar bears. If the natives wade through this all winter it's no wonder they walk as if they are ham-strung. Don't bother getting me a glass. I'll get my own."

She was making for the pantry when I caught her, and I guess I looked pretty wild.

"I'll get it," I said. "I—that's one of the rules."

She put her hands in the pockets of her white sweater and smiled at me.

"Do you know," she declared, "the old ladies' knitting society isn't so far wrong about you! About your making rules—whatever you want, whenever you want 'em."

She put her head on one side.

"Now," she went on, "suppose I break that rule and get my own glass? What happens to me? I don't think I'll be put out!"

I threw up my hands in despair, for I was about at the end of my string.

"Get it then!" I exclaimed, and sat down, waiting for the volcano to erupt. But she only laughed and sat down on a table, swinging her feet.

"When you know me better, Minnie," she said, "you'll know I don't spoil sport. I happen to know you have somebody in the pantry—moreover, I know it's a man. There are tracks on the little porch, my dear girl, not made by your galoshes. Also, my dearest girl, there's a gentleman's glove by your chair there!" I put my foot on it. "And just to show you what a good fellow I am—"

She got off the table, still smiling, and sauntered to the pantry door, watching me over her shoulder.

My heart was skipping every second beat by that time, and Miss Julia stood by the pantry door, her head back and her eyes almost closed, enjoying every minute of it. If Arabella hadn't made a diversion just then I think I'd have fainted.

She'd pulled the newspaper and the tights off the table and was running around the room with them, one leg in her mouth.

"Stop it, Arabella!" said Miss Julia, and took the tights from her. "Yours?" she asked, with her eyebrows raised.

"No—yes," I answered.

"I'd never suspect you of them!" she remarked.

Mr. Sam and his wife came in at that moment, Mr. Sam carrying a bottle of wine for the shelter-house, wrapped in paper, and two cans of something or other. He was too busy trying to make the bottle look like something else—which a good many people have tried and failed at—to notice what Miss Summers was doing, and she had Miss Cobb's protectors stuffed in her muff and was standing very dignified in front of the fire by the time they'd shaken off the snow.

"Good morning!" she said.

"Morning!" said Mr. Sam, hanging up his overcoat with one hand, and trying to put the bottle in one of his pockets with the other. Mrs. Sam didn't look at her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Van Alstyne!" Miss Summers almost threw it at her. "I spoke to you before; I guess you didn't hear me."

"Oh, yes, I heard you," answered Mrs. Sam, and turned her back on her. Give me a little light-haired woman for sheer devilishness!

I'd expected to see Miss Summers fly to pieces with rage, but she stared at Mrs. Sam's back, and after a minute she laughed.

"I see!" she remarked slowly. "You're the sister, aren't you?"

Mr. Sam had given up trying to hide the bottle and now he set it on the floor with a thump and came over to the fire.

"It's—you see, the situation is embarrassing," he began. "Under the circumstances, don't you think it would be—er—better form if—er—under the circumstances—"

"I am not going to leave, if that is what you are about to suggest," she said. "I've been trying to see Dicky Carter the last ten days, and I'll stay here until I see him. I'll stay right here, and I'll have what's coming to me or I'll know the reason why. Don't forget for a minute that I know why Mr. Pierce is here, and that I can spoil the little game by calling the extra ace, if I want to."

When she was safely gone I brought Mr. Dick out to the fire. His sister would not speak to him.

If Arabella Hadn't Made a Diversion I Think I Would Have Fainted.

Mike went to Mr. Pierce that day and asked for a raise of salary. He did not get it. Perhaps as things have turned out, it was for the best, but it is strange to think how different things would have been if he'd been given it. He was sent up later, of course, for six months for malicious mischief, but by that time the damage was done.

CHAPTER X.

That was on a Saturday morning. It had stopped snowing and the sun was shining, although it was so cold that the snow blew like powder. By eleven o'clock every one who could walk had come to the springhouse.

About twelve o'clock Mr. Thoburn came in, and as he opened the door, in leaped Arabella. The women made a fuss over the creature and cuddled her, and when I tried to put her out everybody objected. So she stayed, and Miss Summers put her through a lot of tricks, while the men crowded around.

Mr. von Inwald and Miss Patty came in just then and stood watching.

"And now," said Mr. von Inwald, "I propose, as a reward to Miss Arabella, a glass of this wonderful water. Minnie, a glass of water for Arabella!"

"She doesn't drink out of one of my glasses," I declared angrily. "It's one of my rules that dogs—"

"Tut!" said Mr. Thoburn. "What's good for man is good for beast. Besides, the little beggar's thirsty."

Well they made a great fuss about the creature's being thirsty, and so finally I got a panful of spring water and it drank until I thought it would burst. I'm not vicious, as I say, but I wish it had.

Well, the dog finished and lay down by the fire, and everything seemed to go on as before.

"Just what is the record here?" the bishop asked. "I'm ordered eight glasses, but I find it more than a sufficiency."

"We had one man here once who could drink 25 at a time," I said, "but he was a German."

"He was a tank," Mr. Sam corrected grumpily. He was watching something on the floor—I couldn't see what.

"Consider," said Thoburn, standing and holding his glass to the light, "how we are at the mercy of this little spring! A convulsion in the bowels of the earth, and its health-giving properties may be changed to the direst poison. How do we know, you and I, some such change has not occurred overnight? Unlikely as it is, it's a possibility that, sitting here calmly, we may be sipping our death potion."

Some of the people actually put down their glasses and everybody began to look uneasy except Mr. Sam, who was still watching something I could not see. He suddenly straightened up and glanced at Miss Summers. "Perhaps I'm mistaken," he said, "but I think there is something the matter with Arabella."

Everybody looked. Arabella was lying on her back, jerking and twitching and foaming at the mouth.

"She's been poisoned!" Miss Summers screeched, and fell on her knees beside her. "It's that wretched water!"

There was pretty nearly a riot in a minute. Everybody jumped up and stared at the dog, and everybody remembered the water he or she had just had, and coming on top of Mr. Thoburn's speech, it made them babbling lunatics.

Well, I did what I could. The worst of it was, I wasn't sure it wasn't the water. I thought possibly Mr. Pierce had made a mistake in what he had bought at the drug store, and although I don't as a rule drink it myself, I began to feel queer in the pit of my stomach.

Mr. Thoburn came over to the spring, and filling a glass, took it to the light, with every one watching anxiously. When he brought it back he stooped over the railing and whispered to me.

"When did you fix it?" he asked sternly.

"Last night," I answered. It was no time to beat about the bush.

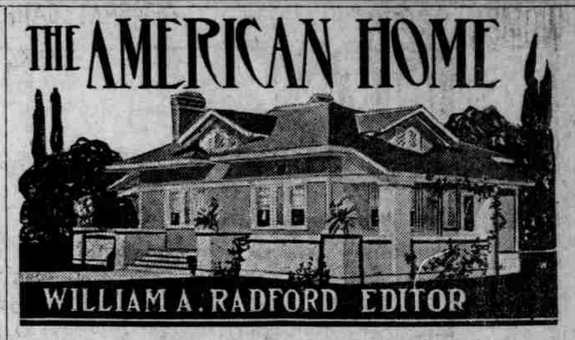
"It's yellower than usual," he said. "I'm inclined to think something has gone wrong at the drug store, Minnie."

Mr. von Inwald was watching like the others, and now he came over and caught Mr. Thoburn by the arm.

"What do you think—" he asked nervously. "I—I have had three glasses of it!"

"Three!" shouted Senator Biggs, coming forward. "I've had eleven! I tell you, I've been feeling queer for 24 hours! I'm poisoned! That's what I am."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



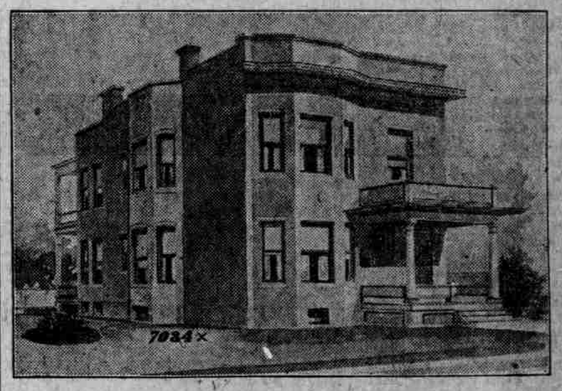
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

This is a two flat building of six rooms each, and it represents a style that is popular at the present time in some of the larger cities.

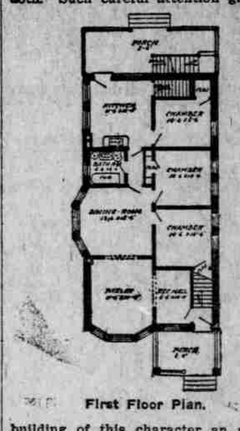
Such buildings are generally built and owned by men who live in the lower flat and rent the upper. In case the building is fitted with a steam heating plant the owner manages the boiler and the hot water heater, thus supplying steam and hot water for the whole building.

It costs very little more to heat two flats than one when steam is employed; so as it is a matter of economy to have one heating apparatus, and as for hot water the same rule applies. The hot water heaters in flat buildings are little round stoves, either with water jackets or lined with coils of pipe through which the water circulates. Sometimes in winter the water is heated from a coil of water pipe inside the furnace of the boiler, but for the better buildings the hot water heater is entirely separate from the steam heating plant.

A six room flat like this on a good street in the city of Chicago will rent from $40.00 to $60.00 per month, according to the size of the rooms, cost of the building, and the janitor service that goes with it. In the better resident sections a great deal of work is put on the lawn, in washing the front and back steps, front hallway, cleaning the plate glass and a thousand little things that cannot well be enumerated but which go to make up the proper appearance of a well kept building.



All deliveries of groceries and parcels of all kinds are required to be made at the rear entrance. There is a heavy galvanized garbage can on the back porch at the outside of each kitchen door; this is emptied by the janitor every morning. In the summertime usually the porches are washed down with a hose either morning or evening and the grass is sprinkled either in the front or at the back, or both. Such careful attention gives a building of this character an air of thrift and a tone of superiority which commands respect enough to secure good rents.



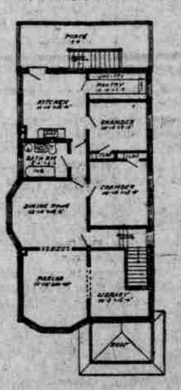
First Floor Plan.

One flat in such buildings often rents for enough to pay the interest and taxes on the whole investment so that the owner can figure his own rent only costs him the janitor service, repairs, etc. A two flat brick building the size of this one, which is twenty-seven feet in width and forty-nine feet in length, is generally valued in the resident sections of Chicago at from $6,000 to $10,000, according to the size of the lot, location, style of finish and general condition.

In designing flats, architects try to avoid long hallways. There is generally not much objection to passing through a dining room, as it is not used much except at meal time so the dining room may be counted as part of the hall and save that much space.

It is considered a great advantage to have windows on both sides of a building. Too many resident flat buildings are placed right up against each other so the windows at the sides get no light except from the so-called light areas. When the buildings are long and narrow, as most of them are, the middle rooms are quite dark even when the sun is shining. On gloomy days a good many high priced flats are so dark that artificial light is necessary all day long. Flat life is objectionable enough at best, however, if a man owns a building like this on a corner lot he may consider himself in luck.

The lower flat is always smaller than the upper one because the front stairway generally spoils one room, but in this plan a reception hall is secured which may be used as an adjunct to the parlor on the first floor. It is always important to have one bath room over the other so the plumbing pipes may be as short as possible and grouped so as to include both bath rooms and both kitchens.



Second Floor Plan.

Flat buildings have undergone considerable evolution during late years. The new ones are a noticeable improvement over older buildings, from the fact that most of the more pretentious new flat buildings have good porches both in front and at the back, they have large windows, ventilating shafts, light hallways and wide easy stairs, they have heavy hardwood outside doors, generally with a large panel of plate glass in front.

The porches are heavy with cement floors, especially in front, and I notice that more attention is being paid to back porches every year. Families living in flats like to get outside at every opportunity, usually one porch or the other is sheltered from the sun or the wind so that it is possible to get outside in one direction or the other. Builders are learning that it pays to cater to the wishes of renters, and they are paying more attention to such accessories.

In the Footsteps of Xenophon.

It is a beautiful ride of ten hours across the lake to Tadwan, a little Armenian village where life in all its simplicity may be seen as it was 2,000 years ago. Farther south, a day's journey from Lake Van, is Bitlis, another mission station. It is a beautiful place on the Bitlis Su, one of the headwaters of the Tigris. Way back in the time Xenophon, when the 10,000 Greeks marched on their way to the sea, they passed Bitlis, and even then the Kurds hurled stones down upon them from the castle rock.

At the present time the Turkish government is building a good, permanent road through the Armenian mountains, and it is a picturesque country through which it passes. There are high mountains, streams bounding over the rocks, quaint villages perched in precipitous places and inaccessible during the winter time. At Sert, in the mountains farther south, I was told that a wagon had never been seen; even the horsemen must climb over steep rocks, leaving his horse to follow him.—Christian Herald.

Harmful Type.

Mayor Gaynor was a good hater—a good hater of shams and hypocrisy and cant.

He hated also the overoptimistic, overcharitable man, who has a good word for all. Of such a man he said one day:

"These fellows, praising the praiseworthy and blameworthy alike, do harm. It was one of these fellows who remarked of a notorious scandalmonger:

"'She is so kind, so indulgent, by nature! Why, even when she is speaking ill of people she doesn't believe a word of what she says.'"

As Babies Regard It.

According to Prof. A. A. Berle of Boston, "baby talk," in which parents indulge, is bad for babies. As a matter of fact, many infants have for years looked upon it as an insult to their intelligence and have refused to be interested in it.—Punch.

Smallpox is almost constantly present in Mazatlan, Mex.

INSECT MURDERER AT WORK

Spectacle That Unnerved Naturalist Whose Work It Was to Observe Such Things.

One day, rummaging in an old desk, I found a magnifying glass. It was September, and in a sunny weed-ridden corner of the garden I had discovered a big black-and-gold spider who had strung her web between two tall burdocks and was doing a thriving business in grasshoppers. Seated on the ground, I now surveyed her through the glass for an hour, as she hung in the middle of her engine of destruction. When I touched the net with my finger she swung frantically to and fro, prompted doubtless by some instinct of self-preservation, but otherwise was as motionless as if carved in jet. Grasshoppers were not very plentiful as yet, but at last a large green fellow flew plump into the toils, the spines on his legs that had so often discouraged sweet music becoming entangled. Instantly the crafty spinner was all alive. Darting upon her victim, she took her station above him, and, hanging by two legs, seized him round and round, enswathing him in a band of silver silk until he was as helpless as a mummy; and then she bit him in a dozen places with fangs oozing poison. At the spectacle of her evil eyes glittering with the lust of killing, magnified as they were by the glass, I turned sick and rolled over on my face among the weeds, and lay for a long time miserably inert.—Atlantic.

Underground New York.

New York's underground population is sufficient to make a city of considerable proportions, for according to the best obtainable statistics about 20,000 persons in New York City spend their entire working hours beneath the surface of the earth. These figures include employes on systems of subways now in operation, and the large crew driving that wonderful aqueduct throughout the Island of Manhattan and over into Long Island to carry the waters that are being brought down by siphon from the Catskill mountains. Thousands are also employed at other work.

Ticklish Position.

"They are in a very ticklish position," said Simeon Ford, the New York humorist, apropos of the situation in the Balkans. "Their position reminds me of Brown's:

"A friend dropped in on Brown the other night, to find him engaged in a poker game with four bachelor friends. Bottles and glasses were everywhere and cigar stubs littered the pale and costly Persian rug. Mrs. Brown, of course, was at the seashore.

"'Brown,' said the visitor severely, 'what would you say if your wife saw you now?'

"'Goodness gracious, my prayers!' Brown answered, in an awed voice."

Nero Played a Bagpipe.

Although bagpipes are usually associated with Scotland, they are not peculiar to the Highlands. It is an ancient Greek and Roman instrument. On a piece of ancient Greek sculpture now in Rome a bagpiper is represented dressed like a Scotch Highlander. Nero is said to have played upon a bagpipe. Chaucer represents the miller as skilled in playing bagpipes.

HADN'T MADE HIS HANDICAP

Advocate Was Still Ahead of Lieutenant, Therefore the Duel Was Out of the Question.

The late Alfred Love of Philadelphia was America's pioneer peace advocate. Mr. Love brilliantly advocated universal peace in days when such views caused men to be dubbed fools and cranks.

He had many stories wherewith, at Philadelphia dinner parties, he drove home his peace propaganda. Thus, at the Art club, he once said:

"I wish we'd all take as sensible and prudent a view of war as the Nice advocate took of duelling.

"An advocate and a lieutenant quarreled one evening at the Cafe de la Regence in Nice, and the lieutenant sent his seconds to the advocate the next morning. But the advocate shook his head and said:

"'A duel? No, no! It wouldn't be fair. The risks would be unequal. For, look you, the lieutenant is a single man, whereas I have three children.'

"The advocate's refusal was conveyed to the lieutenant, who, being a bloodthirsty wretch, straightway got married. In three years he became the father of three children, and then he called upon the advocate.

"'Ha,' he said fiercely, 'you'll have to fight me now. I have three children.'

"'But I,' said the advocate, with a peaceful and joyous smile, 'I have now got five.'"

French Military Aero Stations.

The first of the military aeroplane stations built with the funds raised by national subscription in France has just been completed at Evereux, and it contains a model hangar with annexes such as repair shop and the like, also a telephone post. This station is the first one of 53 aeroplane stations which are to be completed by next October, and in three months it is stated that there will not be a single point in the triangle extending from Paris to the east frontier where an aviator will be more than 25 miles from a well-organized landing station.

Political Prophecy.

All men are intuitive prophets. This is part of their proud claim to the possession of reason looking before and after. On all sides one meets happy warriors professing to see in current events only what they foresaw and predicted. Especially in public affairs are the most unlikely Sauls found among the prophets. Who of us has not been drawn aside by a man bearing none of the outward insignia of a prophet, who begs his hearer to mark his words as he proceeds to unroll the book of fate? His favorite field is political campaigns. He will tell you who is going to be elected and why. Near and far his eye rolls in a fine frenzy, and his forecasts are as universal and sweeping and—we regret to say—usually as inaccurate as those of the old-style almanac. Despite frequent ludicrous confoundings by the event, this kind or prophet comes up smiling after every failure. He is stayed by no consideration of probability or the doctrine of chances, and openly flouts the maxim not to prophesy "unless ye know."

Some Accompanist.

Charles Hough, a young man of youthful appearance, slight in build compared with the woman, and gray as to hair, was at the piano. He understands perfectly how best to accompany the prima donna. He knows that volume is required, what shading is desirable, how much of it, and he follows every motion of the singer to detect her next requirement in the matter of piano support. He not only knows these things, but he does them. That is why he is such an excellent accompanist. He wore evening clothes. The piano was finished in black, one of the low concert type of instrument, with a little outward turn, on the top of which the singer rested an arm occasionally.—Exchange.

Electric lights suspended by the familiar twisted cord can be protected against injurious vibrations by hooking the ends of a spiral spring into the cord, slacked for a short distance to permit this to be done.